

Story of a Life

by michmak

The story of Severus and Hermione, told in thirteen parts.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimers: Not Mine

A/N: I wrote this a while ago now, while having some tests done -- thought I'd try my hand at drabbles. The first two I wrote were X and XI, and I got to wondering if I could write a series of drabbles all linked from the time Severus first notices Hermione until the end with each section being a true drabble of exactly one-hundred words. This is what I came up with

I

He didn't recall ever noticing her eyes before. That bushy mass of hair yes. The slightly bucked teeth - who could miss those? But her eyes never. At least, not until today.

They were brown and warm; currently filled with concern as she leaned over him. He blinked at her. "Miss...Granger. Wh-what happened?"

"Shh, don't talk," she admonished.

"P-Potter?"

"Still alive, thanks to you."

She lifted a shaky hand and tenderly brushed the hair from his face.

"What hap-happened?"

Her eyes filled with tears as she smiled at him. "You did it Sir you saved us all. Voldemort is dead."

II

"I don't need a nursemaid!" he snarled at her.

"No you need an attitude adjustment!" she snapped back. "Don't think a few nasty words and a sneer will scare me away!"

"They don't want me there," he replied sulkily, acquiescing as she offered him her arm to lean on.

"I want you there," she murmured.

He scowled, but allowed her to lead him out onto the dias. Potter and Weasley smiled when they saw her.

"You're late," Potter greeted.

"Order of Merlin, First Class, Severus Snape!" Dumbledore announced.

He stepped forward and bowed stiffly.

Hermione cheered louder than anyone else.

III

"Why are you so stubborn? Why can't you just admit you love me too?"

"I don't know what love is," he replied stonily. "I've told you that before."

"You're a liar and a coward, Severus Snape," she replied hotly. "You won't send me away."

"I will."

"You can't."

"I can."

She stepped forward, her brown eyes shimmering with tears as she looked at him. "Don't do this to me. I love you, Severus. I promise I'll never leave you!"

"You will in time," he sighed.

"Never," she whispered, "never. I love you!"

"Prove it then and marry me," he replied.

IV

"Oh God, yes!" she screamed, her body arching into his like a bow. "Don't stop!"

He grunted and increased his tempo, fingers plucking at her and tongue thrumming against her.

She was molten lava in his arms, flowing around him when he finally slid up her body and into her. Against the backs of his eyes, he could see firecrackers.

"Hermione," he murmured tightly, his body suddenly spastic as hers gripped around him tightly. "Hermione, I..."

Collapsing against her, he buried his face into her neck. "Hermione, I...I...I can't say it."

"It's okay, Severus. It's okay. I love you, too."

V

"I don't know how to be a father!" He was pacing and the glare he shot her was one of anger and despair. "How could this happen?"

"I suspect in the normal way," he wife replied calmly. "Honestly, Severus -"

"Honestly nothing, Hermione! I don't want this child!"

"You've got a few months to prepare yourself."

"A lifetime wouldn't be long enough!" he shouted. "How could you do this to me?"

"You see, when a man and a woman -"

He glared. "Not funny. I HATE children."

"You won't hate this one."

"How do you know?"

"Because she'll be ours."

VI

She was dying. He could hear her cries as he paced the corridors outside the infirmary. Every once and a while, Albus would look at him and smile. "She'll be fine, Severus."

He wasn't so sure. He had never had anything purely his own his entire life and couldn't bear it if anything were to happen to her.

The sudden silence, broken by the thin wails of a baby had him rushing to the door and throwing it open. He didn't even see his daughter as he moved to his wife's side, dropping to his knees.

"I love you, Hermione."

VII

He enjoyed the warm weight of her against his chest as he lounged in bed, reading the morning paper. He even liked the way her bushy hair tickled his neck.

"See this?" he pointed out, "Seems Pot-head is in the papers again."

She just ignored him and he smirked, continuing to read until she tangled a sleepy fist in his hair and pulled.

He flinched, but couldn't extricate himself from her grip. "Hermione," he poked his wife in the shoulder, "Hermione...my hair."

His wife rolled over and grinned at him.

"That's what you get for calling her favorite uncle 'Pot-head.'

VIII

First day was over and his little family was finally alone together, at least until Medea left for her dorm. Hermione continued to laugh at him.

"Ravenclaw!" He still couldn't believe it. "Ravenclaw?"

"Where else, Daddy?" his little girl grinned at him. "I'm very smart, you know."

"I know, Medea but Ravenclaw? I was sure you were a Slytherin."

His daughter dropped down beside him and snuggled into his side on the sofa, "With uber-brains for parents? I hardly think so."

Hermione laughed. "It could have been worse, Severus."

"I know," he replied dryly. "She could have been a Gryffindor!"

IX

Even after all these years, she was still the sexiest witch he knew. He was proving it to her now, he hoped. Medea's graduation from Hogwarts had made her feel old.

"I'll show you old!" he said, picking her up and carrying her to the bedroom. "You are far from a hag, Hermione."

"But it seems like just yesterday she was a baby and now she's finished school! How did that happen, Severus?"

He kissed her breasts, "Time passes. Now, let me ravish you in peace!"

"But...oh, yes - Severus - yes!"

He smirked. He had always been good at distracting her.

X

The dirt was as brown as her eyes. The thought makes him flinch. "Don't think like that," he tells himself, "just don't. The dirt won't bother her anyways. Instead, think of other things how happy she would be that Potter had shown up; the fact it didn't rain."

He hadn't expected to ever be in this position. She'd promised him she'd always be there. He wanted to rail at the gods; curse and swear and heap his ire upon them. Instead, he lay down beside her and buried his hands in the ground.

"Hermione, Hermione, why did you leave me?"

XI

It was Medea who found him there, lying in the dirt at her mother's grave. His robes were soaked through and she scolded him as she helped him to his feet. "You have to stop doing this," she admonished gently. "Mom wouldn't like it."

"She shouldn't have left me then," he scowled.

"She didn't have a choice," Medea responded. "Come on inside."

He was miserable without her sad and lonely. His arms felt empty and his heart bereft; the bed was too big.

"Come live with us, Dad," Medea asked.

"Okay," he agreed. How could he refuse? She had Hermione's eyes.

XII

"Is it really you?" he demanded querulously, blinking his eyes.

"It's me," she smiled. "I came as soon as I could."

She looked good. He had forgotten how beautiful her brown hair was. His hand was shaking as he reached out to her not from age but from exhilaration. He felt as if his heart was overflowing with joy.

"I've missed you so much," he whispered. "Don't ever leave me again."

He felt her drawing him to his feet and was surprised when he was able to stand beside her. "I promise, this time you get to come with me."

XIII

"I don't recall ever seeing your father smile before."

Medea smiled weakly at her husband, "You have. Just not recently. He's been too lonely without mom."

"I still find it hard to believe they ever got together, I mean, I've read all the history books and..."

"...he was a right bastard. I know Uncle Harry's already told me that several times today. I think he's been drinking."

"Shall I hide the fire whiskey?"

She smirked, and gripped his hands tightly. "I don't know what to do."

"Yes you do," he replied. "It's time to say goodbye."

"I love you, Dad."

FIN

And I Love You So *Don McLean*

And I love you so
The people ask me how
How I live till now
I tell them I don't know
I guess they understand
How lonely life has been
But life began again
The day you took my hand
And yes I know how lonely life can be
The shadows follow me
And the night won't set me free
But I don't let the evening get me down
Now that you're around me
And you love me too
Your thoughts are just for me
You set my spirit free
I'm happy that you do
The book of life is brief
And once a page is read
All but love is dead
That is my belief
And I love you so
The people ask me how
How I lived till now
I tell them
I don't know.